



AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15, 1893.

STATE ELECTION.

The annual election for State Officers, took place on Monday last. At the early hour at which we go to press, it will be impossible for us to give more than the general result of the election. The returns already received would seem to indicate no choice of Governor by the people.

In this city the following votes were thrown. We present the vote by wards.

For Governor,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Wards	118	73	91	73	60	51	28
Pillsbury	77	107	62	32	43	61	74
Crosby	21	21	27	4	5	9	4
Morrill	3	7	7	3			

For Representatives,
L. M. Morrill, 137 92 101 76 65 53 30
J. A. Thompson, 123 88 98 78 64 52 29
S. Titcomb, 88 121 88 35 43 68 77
W. H. Wheeler, 87 115 78 34 44 67 76

The vote for Governor in this city, foots up as follows:—

Pillsbury, 404; Crosby, 456; Morrill, 91; Holmes, 20.

The following are the representatives elected, as far as heard from:—

Augusta—Lot. M. Morrill and James A. Thompson, dem.

Bangor—John B. Hill and G. W. Ingorsoll, w.

Bath—G. W. Kendall, w.

Bowdoinham—J. Fulton, w.

Bloomfield—Snow, w.

Belfast—A. W. Johnson, w.

Biddeford—James Welch, w.

Brewer—Baker, dem.

Bowdoin—Wilson, w.

Brunswick—Chas. J. Gilman, w.

Bucksport—Swazy, w.

Bradley—Eddy, dem.

Buxton—James Morton, w.

Cape Elizabeth, &c.—W. Dingley, w.

Calden—Noah Smith, dem.

Corinth—French, dem.

Ellsworth—J. H. Jordan, dem.

Frankfort—Gunnison, w.

Fayette—Moses Hubbard, w.

Falmouth—Gladly Moody, w.

Freeport—E. Wells, w.

Gorham—Chas. Paine, w.

Gardiner—John Berry, Jr., w.

Hallowell—Henry K. Baker, w.

Hamden—Walker, dem.

Heron—Greenleaf Wing, dem.

Kennebunkport—Stone, w.

Kirkland—Ball, w.

Lyman, &c.—Waterhouse, w.

Mannoth—Wm. G. Brown, w.

Norridgewock—John S. Abbott, w.

New Gloucester, &c.—John Sawyer, w.

Orono &c.—Smith, Pillsbury, dem.

Oldtown—J. H. Hilliard, dem.

Pittston—W. B. Fuller, w.

Portland—P. Fessenden, John M. Wood, S. O. Chase, w.

Pownall—Samuel Bliss, w.

Paris, &c.—Mark H. Dunell, w.

Rockland—N. A. Barpo, w.

Seaboard—Jas. A. Sanborn, w.

Saco—Abraham Cutter, w.

Scarboro, &c.—B. B. Porter, dem.

South Berwick, &c.—John Hanson, dem.

Topsam—Moses Whittemore, w.

Vassalboro—W. Merrill, w.

Waterville—Joab Harriman, dem.

Windor—David Clary, w.

Westbrook—Geo. Libby, dem.

Wells—N. M. Hatch, dem.

Yarmouth—Sylvanus C. Blanchard, w.

We shall be able to give the result in our next.

An Extra from the Journal Office of Tuesday noon, states that as far as heard from, there are 36 whigs, 23 democrats, and five or six free soilers elected. The returns are from ninety towns, and indicate that Pillsbury is defeated by a large majority. The Whig Senators are elected in Kennebec and Lincoln County, and probably two in Cumberland. Penobscot elects coalition senators. York probably democratic coalition senators. From present appearances, the Journal thinks the Whigs have carried the House, and consequently the government.

COUNTY AG. SOCIETY FALLS IN MAINE.

York, at Alfred, Oct. 5 and 6.

Cumberland, at Portland, Oct. 19 and 20.

West Lincoln, at Lewiston, Oct. 6.

Lincoln, at Wiscasset, Oct. 5 and 6.

Kennebec, at Readfield Corner, October 12 and 13.

North Kennebec, at Waterville, Oct. 4 and 5.

South Kennebec, at Gardiner, Oct. 19 and 20.

West Somerset, at Madison Bridge, Oct. 5 and 6.

Penobscot, at —, September 23 and 29.

North Arundel, at —, Oct. 12 and 13.

West Oxford, at Lovell, Oct. 19 and 20.

Piscataquis, at Dover, Oct. 5.

Waldo, at Belfast, Oct. 12 and 13.

Washington, at Pembroke, September 27.

N. B. Will the Secretaries of the several societies furnish us with correct information of the time and place of their respective shows in order to fill up the above table?

HALLOWELL GAZETTE. Our friends of the Gazette have been sprucing up considerably within a week. The new volume begins with a new dress, and a right neat one, too, and a new head, which looks well though a little large. The Gazette is a good paper and very reliable for local news. We congratulate the publishers upon their good success, and wish they may always have a plenty of new dresses in the wardrobe, and a large circle of visiting acquaintances.

TABLE ROCK. It will be remembered that a large portion of this celebrated rock at Niagara Falls, fell a few months since. Visitors will remember it as giving one of the best views of the Falls from its surface. It is now entirely gone. A despatch from the Falls dated last Friday, says: "This morning at about 8 o'clock, the remains of Table Rock fell, with a tremendous crash. The projection is now all gone. No one is supposed to have been injured."

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We have received a communication headed, "A few words on Canada." It will receive attention next week.

Several other favors are on hand and will be attended to as soon as possible. We wish our friends to bear in mind, that we shall always be pleased to receive accounts of any local events that may be generally interesting to our readers.

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

The time for this great show of horses is at last fixed. It will come off at Springfield, Mass., beginning on Wednesday, October 19, and continuing four days.

The Committee state that "It is designed to be a national exhibition, and inducements will be offered which, it is hoped and expected, will bring out horses from all sections of the Union, and from our Canadian neighbors on the north. The Committee have assurances, already, from various quarters, that this will be the case."

The Committee have made arrangements with several of the railroads centering here to bring all horses designed for exhibition free of charge; and it is hoped that a similar arrangement may be made with railroads at a distance. The exhibition is designed for purposes both of show and sale—considerations which, combined must prove immensely attractive."

Premiums are offered for the best horses, ranging from \$200 down to \$25, to be awarded to the best stallions, geldings, breeding mares, matched horses, fancy horses, colts, farm or draught horses, ponies, &c. The largest premium (\$200) is offered for the best stallion of seven years and over.

George Dwight is President of the Society. The ground selected for the exhibition is Armory Square on the hill, a place, says the Springfield Farmer, very well adapted to the purpose.

Now here is a grand chance for Maine to show to the rest of the States, that we have horses down East that are hard to beat. The field is open for competition, and the premiums are worthy the character of the show. Do not let the State which has produced Mac, and many other celebrated horses, be unrepresented. It should also be remembered that a more favorable opportunity for selling fine horses could not be found.

ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMER BAY STATE.

On Thursday morning last, an accident happened to the steamer Bay State which runs between Fall River and New York, the particulars of which we gather from the New York papers, as follows:—

"The accident occurred about half past three o'clock Thursday morning, when the steamer was off Black Rock, and was occupied by the breaking of one of the crank pins, by which the working beam, or some portion of the machinery, penetrated the cylinder's head and allowed the steam to escape with great force. Most of the passengers were in the state rooms, and if they had remained there would probably have been uninjured, but hearing the crash of the breaking machinery, and the roar of the escaping steam, they were naturally much alarmed, and ran into the saloons, to ascertain the danger, and seek some means of escape. Hence a number were scalded more or less severely, although none were instantly killed. The names of the injured who were taken to the hospital are as follows:—

"Miss Charlotte Snow, of Dartmouth, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Warner, of Dartmouth, Mass.; Ann Eliza, aged 16, Charlotte, 14, Mary, 10, and Maria, 8, children of Mr. Wm. F. DeWolf, of Chicago, Illinois. Miss Snow is scalded badly on the arms, and less severely on the face, but the rest of her person unhurt. She suffers little pain, and is in no apparent danger. Mr. Warner is very seriously scalded externally, and it is feared internally, although his medical attendant has not yet expressed a decided opinion."

The telegraph reports that two of the De Wolf children are dead, and that another will not probably survive. Mr. Thomas Warner of Dartmouth, died Thursday night.

A meeting of the passengers was held, at which Jonathan Bliss of Galesville, Ala., G. M. Wheeler, and J. T. Fisher of Boston, were appointed to draft resolutions. The resolutions expressed the thanks of the passengers to the officers of the boat and to the attending physicians. The accident was one which no human foresight could have prevented."

Several of the passengers were badly though not dangerously scalded. We do not observe any Maine names in the list.

ROBBERY IN FREEPORT. A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser, who writes from Freeport under the date of the 9th inst., gives the following particulars of the doings of some scamps in that town:—

"An attempt was made yesterday about one o'clock, to rob Mr. Daniel C. Reed's house, which was entered during the night, in the absence of Mrs. Reed, who was near the house, on seeing a stranger enter, returned immediately, and on questioning him as to his business there, he threw her across the room and made his escape. Mrs. Reed was severely bruised. The drawer of her bureau was open and the clothes partly out. They had been at Mr. Reed Mitchell's house and stole about three dollars and a half in money."

Esq. turned out with several other citizens to endeavor to capture them, but failed, as they were in thick woods, and they passed the marsh bridge into Yarmouth about sunset."

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Holveta & La Fayette Gold Mining Company in another column. This appears to be the most successful of the Quartz mining Companies—its mills are complete and now working—its veins are opened, and rich, beyond those of any of its competitors, and they are steadily increasing as they become more fully developed. Judging from the prospects of this Company, we should say that an investment in its stock was many fold better than making a voyage to that land of gold.

TALL POTATOES. Among the tall corn, grass, &c., that have been noticed this year, we have seen nothing of any "tall" potatoes. So we offer the following from a correspondent at Albion. He writes us that "Elder Balkum of that place, has in his garden some tall potatoes, one of the tops of which contains ten sprouts, measuring from six feet to eight feet ten inches in length." That is tall enough for potatoes.

LIQUOR SPLIT IN BANGOR. From a statement in the Bangor Courier, it appears that the marshal of that city has seized under the Liquor Law, the quantity of eight thousand four hundred and forty-three, (8443) gallons of various kinds of liquor, since the 20th of April last. The most of this large quantity has been condemned and destroyed. We should think that the "critter" would be rather shy of Marshal Farham, and Bangor.

TORNADO IN NORRIDGEWOCK.

Mr. Editor:—I have a little intelligence to communicate for your paper. Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock we were visited by a tornado. It came from the West. The cloud came down the river with great fury; it was black and seemed to threaten destruction by its very appearance. As it approached it occasioned a great darkness; the air was filled with leaves, and trees their heads and ran from it, and the great trees bent before it.

In the west part of the town it unroofed a barn, it laid the fences in winrows, and, going down farther, it completely prostrated and smashed another barn, and then passing over an orchard it overturned the trees, tearing them up by the roots. Then proceeding in a more southerly course, it struck Capt. Spalding's beautiful island, which was covered with a luxuriant growth of oil-nut trees, many of which in the storm were torn up, broken, and piled up in a frightful manner.

Norridgewock, Sept. 8th, 1893.

CHEMISTRY, GEOLOGY, AGRICULTURE.

By Prof. JOHN LOCKE.

CONCEIVED FROM LAST WEEK.

Mr. Editor:—As a test of the per-sulphate of iron, I obtained some of the interior bark of the red or swamp maple, which, when first wetted with the solution, scarcely changed color; but as the liquid became highly concentrated, the same experiment resulted in drying the bark as black as ink. Although this was evidence of iron, still as the liquid had all along more the taste of alum than of coppers, I am of opinion that the former salt predominates; but I will settle that question hereafter. Neither per-sulphate of iron nor sulphate of alumina are crystallizable salts, alum being a sulphate of alumina and potassa. It will not crystallize, until potassa is added. On evaporating the solution to dryness, it became a tough, viscid mass, ductile into threads like soft wax, but at perfect dryness it became a dry, brittle solid, of a dirty drab color, though nearly white when pulverized. I intend to take this dried mass to my laboratory and analyze it completely, communicating the results to your paper. It will be observed by the farmer, when these rocks are decomposing on a side hill, that for some distance below them, so far as the wash extends, the grass and clover give place to sorrel, (*Rumex acetosella*).

Two practical questions present themselves. First, how can the poisonous effects of these sulphur salts be obviated? Second, can any use be made of them? Their poisonous effects can be overcome by the application of lime to the soils where they abound—the result being that the sulphuric acid will be transferred to the lime; which we shall have sulphate of lime, (gypsum), oxide of iron, and simple alumina, a group of substances not only harmless but beneficial to vegetation and husbandry. The sorrel would disappear, and in its place, in consequence of the gypsum formed, clover would spring up in luxuriant abundance.

Second—What use can be made of these decomposing rocks? Where they are sufficiently abundant, I venture to suggest that they be mixed with the ordinary stable manure as an absorber and retainer of the ammonia which would be converted into the sulphate of ammonia, while the other effects would be the same as in the application of lime, viz: peroxide of iron and simple alumina would be separated. I presume your readers are well advised of the importance of retaining the ammonia, especially the urinous portion of manure. They are probably aware that either sulphuric acid, copperas, or sulphate of lime will do this. Altho' my suggestions above may not be practicable from want of sufficient material, yet your readers may receive instructions by the illustration of general principles. I have also been particularly on the simplicity of manipulations in order to encourage practical experiments. The application of chemistry to agriculture, as regards details, is yet in its infancy, and must be perfected by the co-operation of the chemist and the practical farmer, the latter testing the suggestions of the former.

The granite soils of Maine and New Hampshire are undoubtedly made and manured by the disintegration and decomposition of our solid rocks. This idea I know is looked at by those who have never studied the subject, yet if they use their eyes they cannot fail to see that these rusty rocks do crumble to pieces and form soluble and active salts. When he shall have satisfied himself of this, he may be led to examine further, and he will find that feldspar and mica are decomposing and furnishing potash and lime to the soil; even phosphate of lime is also supplied by small crystals derived from decomposing granite. Chemists, as well as farmers, must be working men; they must not only study books, but they must study things, and learn exactly and locally the practical effects of all agents presented and employed.

Those who used to ridicule the idea of making farming a learned profession, embodying the successful experience of ages, have changed their language and their practice. Manures are economized and applied. Those blank nuisances on farms, peaty swamps, are dug open, and the muck which they contain is being distributed to the benefit of the rest of the farm. Sand is being carted upon clayey soils, and clay upon the sandy tracts, thus extending and equalizing fertility. Even those precious things, the phosphate and ammoniacal manures, are beginning to be thought of as having a real existence, and a corresponding practice is being adopted.

I have in hand the verification of a suggestion in your last paper, that clay is an efficient absorber and preserver of ammonia. I shall probably send you the results next week.

Bethel, Aug. 26, 1893.

DEDICATION OF FRYEBURG ACADEMY.

This was an occasion of unusual interest on Wednesday, Aug. 31. The new and commodious academy building, replacing that destroyed by fire, three years since, was opened by appropriate services. Addressed by Rev. John Wilde, of Topsam, one of the Board of Trustees.

The advertisements of many of our institutions were severely criticised for giving the promise of earning instruction in the wide circle of the sciences from one male, female teacher, which a whole faculty of our Colleges hardly attain unto.

Fryeburg Academy advertisements have been free from this. We know that there is no royal road to learning, and we may be sure that there is no railroad.

A portion of the address was properly eulogistic of Daniel Webster, whose residence in our village is felt to be a matter of special interest, and whose connection with the academy as Principal, justly adds to its renown. The effort has been commenced to add to the academy foundation, a school either of Agriculture and Science, or a Normal Teacher's department, to commemorate Webster's connection with it as teacher.

Why should this not be done? England's favorite, Wellington, is to be honored by a school for officers, children, to found which princely donations are poured in from the coffers of her queen and the nobility.

But Webster is more worthy such a memorial, because like so many of our Yankee youth, he made teaching a stepping stone to his public career.

The plan is of all others adapted to the object. Here the grandeur of the White Mountain scenery, gives place to the quiet of a valley well high untroubled in attractions. The view from Pine Hill, gained by a five minutes walk from the heart of the village, has been pronounced finer than that from Holyoke. Historical associations cluster around the valley. It was the favorite residence and hunting ground of the Pequots, the tribe so nearly exterminated in the bloody Lovell's fight, a mile and a half from the Academy is still shown the field of this desperate conflict.

The morals of the village might be added as of still greater importance. No bowling alley or saloon of doubtful character stands ready to decoy the young student to ruin.

Every thing considered, can a more favorable position be found for an Institution of commanding influence? As an Academy, it has

done great service to the country. It is still doing it. More than one hundred pupils are under its protection.

But cannot the course of study be enlarged? Is not some Institution needed, not in connection with our Colleges to engender rival interests, but to blend easily with a school of less pretensions and freedom of character, a rural Institution, in which our farmers themselves designing to be farmers, may learn how to relieve the drudgery of the farm, as now managed by some familiarity with scientific agriculture: feeling meanwhile that the set which Webster practised cannot be a mean one: where our youth who will teach may acquire a more thorough special preparation for their work, and at the same time be animated in their course, by the thought that the advantages they enjoy, are in part, at least, a tribute to the memory of one, who from the humble post of teacher among these mountains, passed on to a career so eminent and glorious? In a word, are there not men of wealth, lovers of learning, and admirers of Mr. Webster, who will establish at Fryeburg, a Webster Institute?

NOTE. What our correspondent says in favor of the location of Fryeburg, and its Academy, is true, and we most heartily wish that the plan which has been for some time in contemplation, of adding an agricultural branch may be put in practice. The new Academy building is one of the best in New England. [Ed.]

LETTER FROM HAMOVER, N. H.

Mr. Editor:—I have been travelling through New Hampshire for several weeks, principally among the farming community, and having a few leisure moments to-day, I thought I would send you a short communication for the amusement or benefit, as the case may be, of your readers.

It has been quite as dry here, this summer, as in Maine, and the pasturage upon the hills has suffered exceedingly; some of them looked as "grassless," before the rains came on, as they would if the fire had run over them. Along the valley of the Connecticut river we find some of the most beautiful intervals in New England; the scenery is splendid; the farm houses are neat and tidy, and the fences are in good order. I saw some wire fence, but how they like it I am unable to say. Horses in this section are not as good as in Maine; at any rate I have seen but a few good ones. The farmers here have not taken the pains with their orchards that has been taken with those in your section, but they have begun to wake up on the subject. The apple crop will be small this season. The hay crop about the same as in Maine. Corn looks finely, and there will be a fair crop.

I have been sojourning in this pleasant and quiet village for a few days. Dartmouth College is located here. It is a flourishing institution, and has sent some able men into the world. It was here that the much lamented Daniel Webster spent his college days. There is a Medical department also. This was established in 1779, by Dr. Nathaniel Smith, it being the second in New England, and the fourth in the United States. Dr. Smith labored here twelve years alone, lecturing in all the departments.

There is a flourishing school here, founded by the munificence of Abiel Chandler, who gave \$50,000 for that purpose. There are nearly three hundred students in the College this term, besides fifty in the Medical department.

Hannover, N. H., Sept. 2d, 1893.

KENNEBEC COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Editor:—On the 3d of the present month, Mr. Nathaniel Robinson, Agent of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, called on me and requested me to take a sub-agency, to collect dues and obtain members to the Society, in the town of Fayette. I consented to do so, and adopted the following plan. If you think it worthy of notice you are at liberty to publish it in the Farmer, that other towns may put shoulder to the bow, and lift the Society from her drooping state.

I prepared the following paper, for subscribers:—

"We, the subscribers, citizens of Fayette, agree to become members of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, for one year, and pay in our dollar before the Cattle Show. We also agree to continue our membership after the present year, provided a like increase of members shall be obtained from other towns within the limits of the Society."

Twenty-five good and responsible men signed this paper at our annual town meeting this morning. They agreed to hold on to the work, and each subscriber lent a helping hand. How many more names can be obtained, is yet to be known.

Yours in haste, S. N. WATSON.

North Fayette, Sept. 12, 1893.

COUNTERFEITS.

On Wednesday, 7th inst., a young man named Willard Bond was arraigned before the Police Court of this city, for passing counterfeit bills, and for having in his possession, with intent to circulate, two \$3 counterfeit bills on the Medford Bank, Waldoboro, Maine. He pleaded not guilty to the intent, and was ordered to recognize in the sum of \$200, on each of the three complaints preferred against him, to further answer on the 8th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M. He was committed.

John Constable was brought up on three charges of having in his possession, with intent to pass, three counterfeit \$3 bills on the Medford Bank, Me. His plea was similar to that of Bond. He was held in the same bonds, and in default was committed.

On Monday, Bond gave the spurious gold piece to Mrs. F. Banks in payment for 20 cents worth of peaches. He was arrested by Deputy Marshal Warren on Tuesday evening. When searched, the counterfeit bills were found upon him. He stated that he obtained them from Hiram Constable, of Oxford.

On Wednesday, Messrs. Warren and Watkins arrested John Constable, but when confronted with Bond, the latter stated that he did not get the money from him, but from his brother Hiram. [Worcester Spy.]

RAILWAY IMPROVEMENTS. A patent has been taken out in England for semi-tubular wrought and cast iron transverse sleepers for railways. Many advantages are claimed for the iron over the wooden sleeper, and it is presumed that iron sleepers can be used at less than half the cost of wooden sleepers.

A substitute for the railway time table, an English invention, is on exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

A correspondent of the American Railway Times suggests that mortality by railroad collisions would be lessened, if all the cars composing a train were made into one car—in other words, let the whole train consist of but one long car, containing the engine, baggage, &c., and to be so constructed as to be flexible, adapting itself to curves.

TERRIBLE RESULTS FROM BURNING CANNIERS. Mr. E. Meriam of Brockton, has taken the trouble to keep a record of the deaths, injuries, &c., reported in the New York papers, to have been caused by the use of canphene, burning kerosene oil, and similar preparations, during the year ending August 31st, 1893. From this record we learn that 10 persons were burned to death by canphene &c. in New York, 4 in Brooklyn, and 5 in other places. Several of the persons reported injured, were so severely burned, that it is probable they had been in several cases houses were set on fire by the explosions.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Crops in New Hampshire. The Exeter News Letter says of the crops in New Hampshire, that Indian corn will be the largest crop ever harvested in the State. Wheat and oats are good as they ever have been, and probably a larger quantity of these grains is raised in the State this year than there has been in any former year. Potatoes are suffering from the rot, and in the vicinity of Exeter at least, the rot has, it is believed, committed more havoc than in any former year.

Fugitive Slaves in Canada. The Kingston British Whig, noticing the large settlement of fugitive slaves in Canada, indulges in the following: "It may be very well to rejoice when a slave makes his escape, but Canada is paying dearly for his while. The western portion of the province is becoming literally filled up with the blacks, who threaten to do with the color of the rising population the very reverse of that which Sir Francis Bond Head said the missionaries did with the Indians. They whiten the complexion of the poposes—the negroes will darken that of the peacemakers."

A Revolutionary Relic. At the celebration of the massacre at Groton Heights, Conn., on Tuesday, 6th inst., the vest worn by the gallant Ledyard, the commander of the fort, when he fell

The Muse.

THE DAY DREAM.

BY TOM MOORE.

They both were, the voice, the chords;
I heard but one that wished lay;
And few the notes and few the words
My spell-bound memory brought away.

Traces remembered here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain—
Tinks of sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

Even there, too, ere the morning, fled,
And though the charm still lingered on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded—gone.

One, like the thought that once was ours,
On Summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
Though what they were we now forget.

In vain with hints from other strains,
I wove this transient air to come—
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain—the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mortal ear,
No mortal breath beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-mocking mood, when dreams
Unwittingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face—the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought—
Came with its music close to mine.

And sung the long lost measures o'er,
Each note and word, with every tone,
And look that testifies the power
All perfect—all again my own.

Like parted souls, when 'mid the blest
They meet again—each widowed soul
Through memory's realm had winged in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor e'en in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lack its matins knew
So well as now I know this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talked of in our quiet tower,
I sing this lady's song and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

The Story-Teller.

From the Olive Branch.

THE BACHELOR'S WARD.

BY CAROLINE T. MORRIS.

"So my sanctum is to be invaded, my book-
case rifled, my slippers displaced, my authority
as lord and master of this hitherto quiet man-
sion disputed by a school girl—a miss not out
of her teens—a perfect mite, no doubt, of ring-
lets, musk, silks, and sighs, mingled with ro-
mances, poetry, love, songs, and news. Oh,
Ned! my doom is sealed. Farewell to books,
cigars, and naps. Why, in the name of
Great God, the ridiculous, did my friend choose
to leave this terrestrial globe without his charming
daughter; or why did he not bequeath the dear
creature to some other mortal than myself?"

Edward Wilson, or as he was familiarly
known among his bachelor friends, Ned Wilson,
scowled savagely at an unflattering letter that
lay on the table, and setting himself began to
write a reply. It was from the physician of an
old friend of his who had died recently, and
contained his dying wish that he should protect
his only child. He wrote, though rather un-
graciously, and stated that she should be well
cared, and having a tremendous sigh, growled
out—

"To think that after enjoying thirty-five
years of unrestrained freedom, one of that sex I
have so carefully shunned, as I would any sort
of trouble—for they are good for nothing ex-
cepting to teach men patience—and doubtless
my private letters and accounts will serve for
my wife with novels and lap-dogs; and dress-
makers, milliners, and morning till clerks will be-
liege the house from dry good goods; and I
shall be talked deaf about fashions and jew-
elry!"

Ned growled inwardly at the dismal prospect
before him, and his round, good-natured face
grew long, and assumed such a forlorn and
dolorous expression, that when the old lady
noted as housekeeper, came in with tea and
toast, she stopped short, and hastily setting
down her bowl, with a very sympathizing and
affectionate air, exclaimed—

"La! sir, what is the matter? Has any-
thing gone wrong, or anybody dead?"

He shook his head, and in a very melancholy
and lugubrious tone, said—

"Everything, and everybody, my good wo-
man."

Not exactly comprehending this very laconic
and lucid speech, the house-keeper felt that
some great calamity had or was about to take
place, and it was her duty to sympathize with
it, whatever it was, and accordingly she put her
apron to her eyes, and appeared much affected.
Encouraged by this, Ned, with an apparently
cruel design to harrow up her feelings, con-
tinued—

"Yes, Martha, it is too true; something has
happened very dreadful, and you see before you
the most miserable and dejected specimen of an
old bachelor the universe contains."

Martha thought it was time, so she ventured
to give a little sob, and sighed—

"Deed, sir, I am very sorry, and it's a great
shame, whatever it be."

"Thank you for your kindness, but it is of
no avail, my peace is destroyed, or soon will be,
and you too must suffer with me, for the blow
will fall upon us both."

At this, one round blue eye peered curiously
out and glistened, but not with tears; and as
he proceeded, the apron fell, and that eye, and
his make grow rounder with astonishment and
indignation.

"Yes, you are to have our happiness cast aside,
our feelings disturbed, by a young, prettily
girl, who has always lived in a country, and
has, without doubt, fiery red hair, coarse hands,
and sings like a screech owl; she will be wis-
tress here, and you—"

He was indignantly interrupted by Martha
who felt her dignity and position outraged by
the idea of being ruled by such a creature, and
she burst out with—

"Then, master Edward, this house will not
be able to hold us both; and to think that after
all my long years of faithful and hard service,
that I should be turned out of doors by a girl
—something like the upstart of a lady! It almost
breaks my heart to think of it!" and she flung
herself out of the room.

The door was opened again, and she appeared
at the head of the kitchen, where, who had
been roused to rebellion by exaggerated repre-
sentations in that department and they all
advanced, and with set lips and frowning
brows, gave notice that they should vacate
their several posts on the debut of the new
mistress.

Ned sat perfectly still while they delivered

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A DEED OF NOBLE DARING.

The following deed of noble daring is record-

ed as one of the events attendant on the late dis-

struction by fire of the Imperial Theatre at Mos-

cow.

From the suddenness of this melancholy occur-

rence, and from the number of employees perma-

nently living with their families in the house,

many lives were lost. Three skeletons were

found in the ashes. Just at the commencement

of the fire, three workmen, who had been en-

gaged in the upper stories, finding no means to

descend by the staircase, so rapid was the pro-

gress of the flames, jumped out of the window

to the lower roof, which, being of iron, was

because so intensely hot that two of the unfortu-

nate beings, not capable of enduring the heat,

threw themselves to the ground, and were kil-

led. The third, with more presence of mind,

made his way over protruding cornices to the

front roof, and there remained for some minutes,

till the greasy element, not content with the

number of its victims, made its appearance

close by him.

The poor man cried loudly for help. Ladders

were procured, but they did not reach the

height at which he stood. He saw it; and,

raising his arms to heaven, he made a sign of

the cross and began to approach the edge of

the precipice before him. In an instant more he

would have been a corpse. Thousands of peo-

ple stood around, gazing with horror at the

immense pile, upon which this poor man remain-

ed helpless and hopeless. This pile like that of

the great grained among the multitude. His

life seemed inevitable. Suddenly he heard a

voice, "Stay a moment, my good fellow!"

Pray to God Almighty, and I'll endeavor to

save you!" All eyes were turned to the spot

from which those sentences were uttered. A

group of three men were observed, common

peasants; two of them holding by the arms and

shoulders a third, who was struggling hard to

break from the hold of his friends. "Let me

go, my lady," said he, "my heart is burning

within me; I cannot bear the sight of a Christian

soul thus perishing!" And with a powerful

effort he broke loose, and darted forward.

The dense crowd gave way as he ran to the

burning building, pulling from himself and at

the same time throwing away his shoes (slip-

pers) and his hat. In an instant he was at the

foot of the ladder; here he took off his boots

and, seizing a rope and his waist, and, seizing

a web-bag, which happened to lie close by,

he began to ascend the ladder, which did not

reach to the utmost to two-thirds of the height

of the building. He was about to give up, when

he perceived that the ladder was not straight,

and he began to climb it. A cloud of suffocating

smoke surrounded him; the flames were fast

approaching; burning timber, red-hot shreds of

roasting iron were falling down from every side;

but what to him all this? His heart was burn-

ing within his breast; he could not bear the

sight of a Christian soul thus perishing.

It was a worthy soul; the peasant was as old

as gold; his hair was snowy white and his

fingers and toes were like iron; he tears them

off, leaving bloody marks at every hole, and

ascends higher and higher till he puts his foot

on a projecting cornice. From thence by means

of the oven-fork, he handed the rope to the

man above him. "Give it fast to the hook which

supports the gutter. That's right. Now de-

scend!" And he held the other end of the

rope, and preceding the man, still supporting

him down the gutter, placed him on the ladder.

The man was saved.

During all this time the multitude stood

breathless; but when they saw them both out

of danger, all hats were taken off